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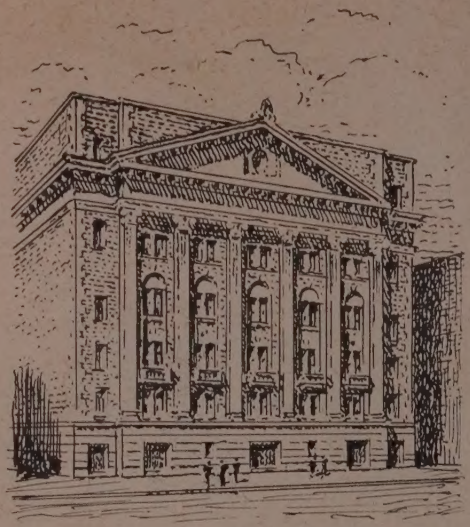
APRIL, 1944

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Vol. 21

Easter, 1944



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XXI **April, 1944** *Number 1*

Holy Week in the Peoples Church

Palm Sunday, April 2—

Peoples Church—Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road
11:00 A. M.—"A Faith in a Nation"
7:30 P. M.—"Is the World Coming to an End?"

LOOP SERVICES—

Every noon, 12:10 to 12:40—Erlanger Theatre
127 N. Clark Street
THEME: "THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF LIVING"
MONDAY, April 3—"YOUR EMOTIONAL HABITS"
TUESDAY, April 4—"YOUR MENTAL HABITS"
WEDNESDAY, April 5—"YOUR RELIGIOUS HABITS"
THURSDAY, April 6—"YOUR LOYALTIES"
FRIDAY, April 7—"LIFE AND THE CROSS"

CHURCH SERVICES—

Peoples Church—Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road
Every night, 8:00 P. M.
THEME: "NEW LIGHTS ON OLD TRUTHS"
MONDAY, April 3—"WHAT IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD?"
TUESDAY, April 4—"WHAT IS CONVERSION?"
WEDNESDAY, April 5—"WHAT IS THE BIBLE?"
THURSDAY, April 6—"WHAT IS SALVATION?"
FRIDAY, April 7—"WHAT DOES THE CRUCIFIXION MEAN?"

Easter Sunday—April 9

FOUR SERVICES

9:00 A.M.—"IN THE MORNING"
11:00 A.M.—"TRUTH LIVES!"
3:30 P.M.—"TAKE MY LIFE"
100 New Members to be Received
Christening Service for Children
7:30 P.M.—"IF A MAN DIE"
(Closing Sunday Evening Service)

All Morning Services Broadcast by WJJD

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

* * *

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

CLOSING SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE—7:30 o'clock—EASTER SUNDAY—April 9th (Resumed November 5th)

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—9:30 o'clock—Anderson Hall

JUNIOR CHURCH—11:00 o'clock—Anderson Hall

(See complete schedule of Church Activities on page 24 this issue)

* * *

DR. BRADLEY'S NEW RADIO SCHEDULE

Beginning Monday, April 3rd, Dr. Bradley's radio schedule will be as follows:

Chicago	**WLS—**	**7:45 a.m.—Monday through Friday**
Des Moines	**WHO—**	**5:30 p.m.—Monday through Friday**
St. Louis	**KSD—**	**7:15 a.m.—Monday through Friday**
Omaha	**KOIL—**	**7:15 a.m.—Monday through Friday**
Lincoln	**KFAB—**	**7:45 a.m.—Monday through Friday**
Rochester	**KROC—**	**12:00 noon—Monday through Friday**
Albert Lea	**KATE—**	**9:00 p.m.—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday**
	—	**5:30 p.m.—Sunday**
Mankato	**KYSM—**	**6:30 p.m.—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday**
	—	**5:30 p.m.—Sunday**
Chicago	**WJJD—**	**11:00 a.m.—Sunday**

OUR BIRTHDAY

With this issue "The Liberalist" begins its twenty-first year of publication. Twenty-one years ago, April, 1923, we published the first number. Through all of these years we have attempted to make our church magazine reflect the life, activities, vision and spirit of our great church.

We begin our new year with the largest subscription list and number of readers in our history. This is most encouraging and inspiring to those of us who have the responsibility of editing and working on the magazine. No one connected with this publication receives any remuneration. The subscription fund goes immediately into the treasury of the church and is used as a part of the necessary fund for the maintenance of our work. The new format which we inaugurated two years ago received immediate commendation and recognition from readers and subscribers.

We want our readers to know how deeply we appreciate their friendship and loyalty in subscribing for our magazine. We are grateful for their cooperation. Because of labor and paper requirements it will become increasingly necessary for readers to become subscribers in order to be assured of a copy each month. We will be able to furnish all subscribers their issues, but may not be able to print as many extra copies above our subscription list as we would like. Therefore, it is important that you become a subscriber if you have not already done so.

Some subscribers have been with us from the first. Many are new. To all we offer a pledge that we will try to improve month by month and make "The Liberalist" a worthy voice of the church we love and serve. If you are not a subscriber, will you kindly send one dollar and a half to the business manager, May H. Harrison, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, and the magazine will be mailed to you each month for one year, or to any friend to whom you might want to present a gift subscription.

Please accept our grateful thanks for your cooperation, your kindly letters and for all the encouraging things which you have said and done.

THE EDITORS.

"THE CREATIVE POWER OF FAITH"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

PASTOR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

JANUARY 30, 1944

THERE are few emotions which take possession of the human heart more agonizing and more tragic than the emotion which comes to a heart that has lost faith in the world, lost faith in civilization, lost faith in a nation, lost faith in a personality, lost faith in a truth. Some of the most sorrowful moments of my life, and I think I share with you in this experience, have been the moments when I saw someone in whom I believed and in whom I had great confidence, suddenly fail me, and something which that person said or did, or was, completely shattered my faith in him. There is seldom a greater tragedy that can befall a human heart than to have a loved one fail them, and to lose faith in a loved one. There is hardly a deeper sorrow in the human heart than comes from having a friend fail you and having your faith in that individual collapse and disintegrate and decay. That hurts.

Now these things are understandable when I individualize them as I have done in this preliminary statement, but when you assemble it on a larger scale and think of people en masse, people as a great group becoming disillusioned and experiencing a wide wave of frustration in some great principle of civilization, or some great fundamental fact of human life or history, none of us can quite escape this sense of collapse of confidence. I do not know of anyone who has not had to pass through that experience at sometime or other, and it seems to me that more rapidly than some of us wish to admit, there is a great tendency to allow the vicious, devitalizing, tearing down attitude to settle down upon us that all that is being done in the world, all the sacrifice, all the blood, everything that is being done is useless; that it will all have to be done over again in maybe 25 years, maybe 50 years, maybe 100 years. Sometimes large groups of people give evidence that such an attitude is settling down upon them, an attitude of frustration instead of a great confidence and buoyancy that now we can perform a much needed job in human history and perform it so fundamentally and finally that mankind will go on his way utilizing his creative genius and his fine spirit for the purpose of integrating and releasing and building and construction and unification, and not of agony and blood and tears. And the thing that is giving me more concern than any other one thing is the fact that I am meeting, as I go about my work day after day, people who say, "There is nothing you can do about it." They are entertaining that attitude toward war more than ever before; they are entertaining that attitude toward international affairs more than ever before; they are entertaining that attitude toward many, many varieties and aspects of the problem of life, and they are saying, "O, it's just the same old thing over again; it is just a vicious, repetitious, imprisoned circle that we are in, and we are all just puppets with something called 'fate' and 'destiny' dangling the strings tied to our shoulders in the puppet show of life; man has always hated, he has always been avaricious, cruel, jealous, and there will be an increase of the tensions of his

race and nation, and the basis of that final explosive occasion between nations is the constant increase of these tensions, and all the nobility of sacrifice and all the dreams of idealists are just mockery given to mock people."

I heard a man in uniform, whose opinion I respect on most subjects, for I know him, say only this past week, "Well, we are going through this thing, and I have a two-year-old son who in 20 years will be in a uniform just like me." This father told me that.

Now, I have painted this picture rather darkly for a moment and yet I think those of you who are doing some realistic thinking will not find it difficult to agree that there is an increase of suspicion on the part of us all that we are not getting anywhere; that there may be a military victory, but that the fundamental issues are not being solved, and the direct result of that suspicion on our part is that we immediately lose faith in things and we lose faith in each other and we become disillusioned and frustrated.

I sat, last Friday evening, on the platform of the Morton High School, one of the great High schools of this country. Back of me sat 250 young men and women who were members of the graduating class. After I had finished the commencement address on that very momentous occasion with about 2,000 people in the audience and 250 young people back of me on the platform in caps and gowns, Mr. McLain, the Superintendent of the Morton High School, at the conclusion of my address and before he introduced Mr. Hoffman, the President of the School Board, said to those people, "I am going to have every man in this class tonight who has become a member of the military services of this government come to this microphone, announce his name and the service he is in," and I turned and looked at that class, and practically every young man there, and those who were the exception will be in the services this week, practically every young man in that class arose, came down in procession to the microphone, announced his name and the branch of service he is in. I looked at them in cap and gown which would be traded for khaki within the very next hour or so, for they were already in the service, and I thought to myself, "Faith!" Everyone of these young men have a right to life, and everyone of them has a dream for his future, science, agriculture, professions, industry, everyone of them thinking about 40, 50, 60, 70 years of life, and I said to myself, "A world that is asking first that they jeopardize and gamble with 40, 50, 60, 70, for a great cause," and then I turned to these young people and I said this: "I am not worried about your morality," and I am not; "I am not worried about your ability," and I am not; "I am not worried about what you can do in the sky, what you can do on the sea, and the land, and under the sea, I know you rather well and your ability in these matters does not worry me; may I tell you what does?" I said to them quietly, "May I tell you what worries me? I know the magnificent way you can die—you die beautifully, and youth knows how to die." I shall never forget hearing the Captain yesterday who came out of the clutches of the Japs from Manilla and out of Corregidor speak of that little lad, who seemed so young, in a corner of the concentration hut under a tin roof with 115 degrees temperature, no water, no food, no toilet facilities, nothing, filth, dirt, pain, hunger, while delicious viands of food were waved in front of their eyes and then taken away in fiendish glee, and when he called his Captain over to him, naked he was, for men lose much of the proprieties of

life when they share a common agony, and this lad called his Captain over and said to him, "Captain, I am dying; I cannot stand it. Please spare the rest of the boys around me the sight of my death. Stand in front of me while I die, I don't want them to see me die." "I know how you can die," I told those young men, "that does not worry me, you die beautifully, the only thing that worries me is this, that you somehow will get it into your minds and into your hearts that all this is useless, and you will begin to say 'What does it matter? What's the use? Eat, drink, be merry, I am going to die, so why worry?' And you will let go." As I turned to them I said, "It is not your fine souls, it is not your morality nor your courage that worries me, I am worried about the loss of your *FAITH!* I am worried about the disillusionment and the reactions of that disillusionment if you should suddenly awaken in the presence of the brutality of all those realisms and say, 'What is the use? I am a puppet, I am being played with in destiny's hands or something that does not care, I am a part of a program that was planned impersonally without me and because I am helpless, and there is nothing I can do, I will show you how I can die, I will show you how I can live, and let it go and let life rot quickly for me, let life rot quickly. I have no faith in your dreams of international peace, I have no faith in a leadership that can prevent war, I have no faith in your ability to build an economic and industrial world that will remove the causes of envy and jealousy and international avarice and greed. I have no faith in your ability to unite the decent peoples of the world; I have no faith in these things. This will all have to be done over again. I have no faith in this beautiful future, and Bah! on those Four Freedoms! What are these ideal words and meaningless platitudes, the waving of flags and the playing of bands and the psychology and effervescence of emotions? You are not going to get anywhere with human history, you are not going to produce an environment of public opinion whereby these things will have a favorable opportunity to develop. Your dreamers are all mad, your poets who dream of brotherhood and peace are all insane!'

"Youth," I said, *"DON'T LOSE YOUR FAITH, YOUR FAITH!* Never mind your dying, the success of life never has consisted in its length. Some men can live to be 80, or 100, with little importance, you may die at 20 and live a contributing life! No, don't let the fact that you may die at 20 disturb you, that is not important, the importance of life never was its length," but I said to them, *"DON'T LOSE FAITH IN THE POSSIBILITIES OF HUMAN NATURE! DON'T LOSE FAITH IN THE POSSIBILITIES THAT SOME DAY, SOMETIME, WE ARE GOING TO COUNT THE COST OF BETRAYING OUR IDEALS, AND WE ARE* GOING TO SAY, WHEN WE *COUNT THE COST: WE ARE THROUGH SQUANDERING THE ENERGY THAT MAKES IDEALS POSSIBLE AND WE ARE GOING TO BUILD A WORLD!"*

Don't lose your faith in the potentiality of human life! Youth, you may not be here to see it, I may not be here, but don't lose faith in the possibilities that every dream—the dream of brotherhood, the dream of international comity, the dream of regulation of profits, the submergence of individual selfishness and tyranny—that every dream of man some day can and will be realized! Don't lose your faith, it has a creative power to transform your own lives into such careers of contribution that you will par-

take of the dignity of God! Don't let the cynics, don't let the defeatists, don't let the calamity howlers, don't let the pessimists, don't let these people influence you, they are the people who have lost faith, faith in the potentiality of ourselves, but down through the history of the ages there have been artists and poets, there have been architects and builders, there have been scientists and inventors, there have been diplomats and dreamers who have preserved intact, while they have projected it down through the centuries, the ideals of a decent human society. Every literature, every race, every culture has given intermittent flashes of the possibilities of mankind. We are getting those flashes again, and the manner in which we can die for the things in which we b e l i e v e ! Death for what you believe and know to be the important, stabilizing, vitalizing process of decency is never death, it is Life, *LIFE, always LIFE!* You belong to the great living, breathing, throbbing dynamo of the ages, the dynamo of men's hopes! Don't lose faith in that! Just because they holler at you that Christianity has failed, that the Churches have failed, that this has failed, and that has failed, just remember they have never failed. Christianity has never failed any more than democracy. Democracy has never failed, and don't think I am going to give the sophomoric response that they haven't failed because they have never been tried, that is silly, *THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED AND THEY NEVER WILL! HAS BROTHERHOOD FAILED, HAS DEMOCRACY FAILED?* They never have; they have not failed, *YOU* and *YOU* and *YOU* and *I HAVE FAILED THEM!* We are the failures.

If a great epidemic that would slay us by the thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands should sweep America, would you stand up and say science has failed because we died by the thousands? Of course you would not, you would not think of it. What did fail that we died by the thousands in a great epidemic? We would fail science; we would fail in maintaining the things that science authoritatively determines must be maintained in order for society to be well. We would stand by and permit the pollution of water; we would stand by and permit the introduction of bubonic plague with infested rats; we would stand by and let ourselves be killed not because science had failed, but because we failed.

So it is with our ideals, so it is with our religion. There they stand: "Love one another," and "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." *A FAILURE? NEVER!* The failure is that we lose faith in the efficacy of that which would save us. Keep that faith and the end will bring us out all right.

NEW MEMBERS

New members will be publicly received into the church on Easter Sunday, April 9th, at the 3:30 service in the afternoon. Those who contemplate uniting with the church are asked to get their names to the church office as soon as possible. Also, at the afternoon service, children will be christened. Kindly make arrangements for membership and the christening service at the church office, with the secretary, Mrs. May H. Harrison. 'Phone Longbeach 6878. Radio friends who may desire membership are cordially welcome. I will be available for interviews and questions regarding church membership after any of the services during Holy Week. P. B.

MESSAGE FROM NEW PRESIDENT OF TRUSTEES

The Annual Meeting of the Church occurred on March 13th, at which time Mr. William M. Stickney was elected President of the Board of Trustees. He has been closely associated with the Church for about twenty-five years and has been a board member for fifteen years. The Peoples Church is very fortunate in having William M. Stickney accept this office.

A few days after the Annual Meeting Dr. Bradley received a remarkably fine letter from Mr. Stickney. Dr. Bradley deems it a distinct message to the members of the Church from their new president and so we are publishing it in part, as follows:—

Chicago, Illinois
March 15, 1944

My dear Doctor:

This new era just ahead of us will be the most dynamic in human history. Already the foundations of a bridge are being laid that will carry us into a new world. Newer systems, newer economics, and newer spiritual values are crowding rapidly to the fore. Old viewpoints are shifting—old ideas giving way. And this new world will be calling to the men who plan and work—optimist and booster—dreamer and builder—preacher and teacher—with a vision of what humanity needs.

The Peoples Church must, and will, keep a step ahead of coming events. Millions of people will be entering into a higher plane of thought. They may not be so very religious but they will believe in the divine democracy of the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount. They will believe in a society redeemed by the principles of Jesus, Jefferson and Lincoln.

These are some of the ideals of the Peoples Church. And this church can and will be the great leader in this rising tide of a new spiritual energy—a new enrichment of the individual life—a new and finer religious outlook—the Good, the True and the Beautiful.

And the members and friends of the Peoples Church, with your help, can make it a leader in this new religious endeavor—ever widening the circle of its influence until it covers the continent. But they have got to work and think and plan, help and boost. Nothing great was ever accomplished without enthusiasm. And the Missionary Spirit—there is nothing finer—it made America great—it has helped many industrial concerns—it is the last word in courage and achievement. So—everybody get the missionary spirit—and soon we will all be marching to the music of the new morning and new day of the Peoples Church of Chicago. And I say again—a dream? Not a bit of it—the greatest glories and magics are yet to be.

Sincerely,

W. M. Stickney."

Dr. Preston Bradley,
941 Lawrence Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois.

IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

THE Church is planning the most beautiful and inspiring program in its history for the Easter Season. During the Lenten Season I have been delivering a series of sermons and addresses relating to "A Faith For Today." The response to these efforts has been unprecedented.

Holy Week will be observed by the church with services every noon, beginning Monday, April 3rd, through Good Friday, April 7th, at the Erlanger Theatre, in the heart of Chicago's loop. The noonday meetings will begin at 12:10 sharp and close at 12:40 sharp each day. Every evening Holy Week I shall speak in the church at 8:00 o'clock, the service closing promptly at 9:00 o'clock. The subjects for the Holy Week Services are published on page 1 of this issue. At the Thursday evening service will be held our Annual Memorial Service for all who have passed on during the year. The service will close with our impressive Communion Service. On Good Friday night the usual service of quiet and contemplation will be held. There will be no services on Saturday.

Easter Sunday we will hold four great services—the first one at 9:00 in the morning, the next one at 11:00 o'clock, another at 3:30 in the afternoon, at which a great class of new members will be received into the church and the christening service for children will be held, and the closing service at 7:30 at night.

There are thousands of people in our city who have no church loyalties. We try to plan our Holy Week services to be of such a character that people who are without church affiliations will feel privileged to share in the significance and beauty of the Easter Season. Whether one belongs to a church or not, one ought not to deny oneself the spiritual strength which comes through keeping the Easter Season. P. B.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR—FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

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EDITORIAL

WE are now approaching Holy Week, which is the culmination of the Lenten Season. The word "Lent" comes from the Anglo-Saxon "lencten" which means Spring. This most universally practiced observance in the entire world is not confined exclusively to any particular church or to any particular branch of religion. More and more and more are the churches of all faiths and all creeds beginning to put special emphasis upon the Lenten Season, and even people who have no church affiliation whatever, whether Catholic or Protestant, have an entirely different attitude toward this season of the year than in years past. We usually associate the whole idea of Lent with the idea of denial, of fasting and observing certain rites and ceremonies. All these are beautiful and necessary, but they do not represent the real significance of Lent. Indeed, this whole Lenten Season, toward the close of which we now find ourselves, was never more significant than at this particular moment. It adjusts itself wholly and beautifully to the conception of sacrifice and the increasing obligations and duties which are being placed upon us all. The Lenten Season means the exercising of the spiritual muscles, and just as an athlete must train and train and train, in order to achieve the moment of victory, so must the individual and the nation train and work, deny and sacrifice.

Never in our history was it more necessary to apply the lessons and teachings of Lent to the whole area of our national, economic, and industrial life than it is now. You may say, "Well, I do not go to this church or that church, and therefore this great hour of the church has no meaning for me." But it does mean something to you. It means more to you than you can possibly realize or I can possibly say.

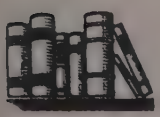
Our nation needs a Lenten Season. All the United Nations in this agonizing conflict need a Lenten Season. From the President of the United States to the humblest citizen of our nation, there is need for us all to enter with humility, with introspection, self-examination, devotion, sacrifice, into the spirit of this hour. There are laws and regulations coming to us almost daily, regulating some aspect of our

lives. There will doubtless be more and more regulations, all necessary and important, and the finest cooperation does not depend upon waiting until we are regulated or rationed, but by cultivating a sympathetic attitude toward the problem and beginning at once to cooperate. This situation must not be met with complaint or with unfair and unwarranted criticism. It can only be met by cooperation and understanding, and how we meet it will depend upon the kind of people we are, and the kind of people we are will depend upon what we put first in our loyalties and in our lives.

Selfishness and greed, intolerance and hatred of others, bickerings and fault-findings, criticisms and condemnations, all these things undermine, weaken and destroy. The Lenten Season is in opposition to these ignoble attitudes. Lent means the accumulation of spiritual energy; Lent means the increase of our sensitiveness to the needs of others; Lent means moments of devotion and consecration and dedication. Lent means the cleansing of the dross; it is the separating of the wheat and the chaff; Lent means developing sufficient strength so that any emergency, any situation, any crisis, any difficulty, any problem of life can be met triumphantly and victoriously. Lent means devotion to the highest and best we know. Lent means staying in the presence of the superlative, the excellent, the good, the true, the beautiful. Lent means putting all dependence upon an eternal truth. Lent means the deepening of the foundations under this nation. Lent does not belong to any group, to any sect, to any creed, to any church. It is a principle as universal as God Himself, and the practice of it means the building of those powers which will withstand every storm and tempest that shall arise here or anywhere in the world.

The greatest and the bravest men and women of human history have been the men and women who cultivated a dependence for their strength and power on the eternal. All else is shifting sand and miry clay. In this season of the year more than any other, we need the concentration on our inner life which directs and controls the outer. Why am I here in this world? What is my aim? Am I going in the right direction? Do I know and use the resources in me? Am I just and kind to my fellow men? These are the questions to which one seeks for an answer at the Lenten Season.

P. B.



BOOK CHATS

JOHN Mason Brown is definitely one of the better dramatic critics of this nation. He has frequently visited Chicago as a lecturer. It has been my privilege to meet him; and to know him. I have in my library every book which he has written. You will remember, I am sure, the one before his last one, "Unaccustomed as I am," a most delightful whimsical story based upon his experiences as a public speaker. As one who faces an audience nightly, I found it exceptionally interesting, vital and inspiring as well.

Now John Mason Brown has given us another book, dissimilar in every

way to any of his previous writings, for today he is Lieutenant John Mason Brown, of the United States Naval Reserves, and the book is called "To All Hands—An Amphibious Adventure." Perhaps you have a son in the United States Navy. Or perhaps your son was on one of the ships which took our first American troops to the shores of Europe. Would you like to know what your son on that ship heard from the bridge in a ship broadcast, all the way over, and while the landing was taking place and the ship was under fire? If so, here is your book. I started it one evening after a hard day and a long evening and never turned out my light until I had finished it.

No assignment given in this war has been born of more thoughtfulness nor colored by greater imagination than the order given by Rear Admiral Alan G. Kirk to Lt. John Mason Brown, the author of this book. Admiral Kirk was in command of one of the Amphibious Forces in that great joint operation of the army and navy which took the first American soldiers to Europe. Recognizing the right of each man on his ship to be informed of every major action on this historic expedition, he assigned John Mason Brown to be bridge announcer. "After all," Admiral Kirk stated, "this is a democratic war, and I believe that men who are willing to give their lives for democracy have the right to be included in what's going on. Lt. Brown's duty was to broadcast over the ship's loudspeaker system, which reached every corner and nook of the ship a play-by-play account of what was going on." Perhaps you never thought of it—I had not—but Admiral Kirk says that only one man out of ten on a modern ship in combat can see what is going on. The Admiral said to Lt. Brown, "I want you to be their eyes and do their seeing for them." Few men were better qualified for their assignment, for he brought more than a mere recital of action to the tense and anxious men of the flagship. Lt. Brown was accustomed to weighing and evaluating dramatic episodes and he understood the emotions of these men as they sailed for unknown destinations, imminent danger and battle.

The book is a record of these broadcasts just as they were given to the men and they are masterpieces of straightforward simplicity. In his reports, he did not talk *to* the men; he talked *with* them, helping them realize their part in this gigantic scheme, analyzing and interpreting their reactions, and above all, helping them retain their sense of proportion. His talks were inspired by the realization of both the inherent ugliness of warfare and the great nobility of these men who were willing to sacrifice their lives. When the flagship reached Sicily and joined battle with the enemy, he carried to the men stationed below, a dramatic account of the action as the Admiral himself saw it from the bridge.

George Sessions Perry, War correspondent, who was on the ship, says, "The high point in every day for all of us who had the good luck to be shipmates with Lt. John Mason Brown during the Sicilian adventure was the absolutely fraudulent newscasts which John gave over the ship's loud-speaker system—fraudulent, that is, in the same way you would be defrauded if you bought and paid for a stale doughnut and the baker gave you an angel food cake. Not only did he supply us with the news, but the most sparkling and brilliant entertainment—dissertations on everything from Cleopatra to 'American plumbing.' He always addressed the ship's company as if it were a particularly enlightened and appreciative class of post-graduate students at Columbia—and many a lad whose

previous intellectual pursuits had been limited to the less taxing pulp magazines and comic strips thought it was marvelous. As a shipmate on long, now boring, now dangerous cruises, John is incomparable. When everybody else is bored John is merry. When every other stick of bombs is straddling your ship, there is John, busily, curiously trotting around, with courage to spare for anybody who might need it. For a noteworthy thing about this sensitive, generous, unassuming, immeasurably talented, and granite-honest guy is that he is not afraid of anything." And John A. Moroso, who was also on the ship, said: "En route to battle John gave the ship a thirty-minute talk every day. He gave world news and news of the convoy. He gave data on the battle to come and data on the men around them. His talks were widely awaited and men clustered around loud-speaker boxes each evening to hear him. He mounted the bridge during our invasion, and for several days and nights he stood amidst a shower of falling flak to give the men working in the ship a play-by-play account of what went on. His reports were a Godsend to the men in the engine-rooms."

* * *

And now I bring to your attention a book that you haven't heard very much about yet, but one which I predict will be the most talked of book published on this war thus far. It is written by Sigrid Schultz and is entitled "Germany Will Try It Again." Now these books about war and international relations are coming in an avalanche of printing. Probably 80% of them are of little or no value, but once in a blue moon there comes along a book that by every norm of what constitutes a contribution to a subject, stands out with definite power and significance. Such a book is this one by the distinguished correspondent, who knows as much about Germany as any writer. She was the chief of the Central European Bureau of the Chicago Tribune in the City of Berlin from 1919 until 1941. For 22 years she lived in the heart of this seething cauldron of Europe; but to validate further her understanding and authenticate her analysis, she lived even before that in Berlin, as she was there with her parents, who were ill and could not leave. Many of you are familiar with her journalistic efforts during all of these years. And now she is able, that she is back in the United States, to present her ideas of the growth and development of the whole Nazi ambitions, which, somewhat paradoxically, were in existence long before Hitler was on the scene. It is almost a universal opinion among people who know, that the Junkers of Germany, who existed long before Hitler, never abandoned and are not now abandoning their idea of world domination and of world supremacy. They are dreaming of World War No. 3, and are making their plans accordingly, even in the face of their certain knowledge that there will be a military defeat for them on the continent of Europe. They are dreaming of transferring the center of their activity from Berlin possibly to Madrid, and from Madrid across the Atlantic, perhaps to Buenos Ayres in the Argentine. It is a long-term planning which had its origin in the geo-politics ideology nearly 75 years ago. To have one of the background, knowledge, and authority of Sigrid Schultz tell this whole story as she does in this book, "Germany Will Try It Again," certainly means that no individual, no matter what his private opinion or theory might be, dare become opinionated on the subject until he has read this book. She names names, her facts are correlated and presented impeachably, while the interpretation which she gives of German

psychology has the ring of authenticity. The 25 years covered from 1918 on to the effort for world dominion, is one of the most illuminating, as it is revealing documents of this war. I was principally concerned with her idea of what to do about the Germans when the military defeat—and that defeat will come finally—arrives. There are probably 250 to 300 thousand Germans who, by the ridiculous standard of Hitler's conception of what constitutes an Aryan, are in Hitler's jails and cruel concentration camps in Germany today. Her idea is that these are the good Germans, and there are many, and that instead of trying the Nazi and Junker criminals in foreign courts, or by the conquerers themselves, thereby enabling the remnant of the Nazis to create martyrs and heroes before the German people, that the administration should be left to these Germans themselves; that the meting out of justice should come from Germans and German Courts on the German criminals. She maintains that there are many Germans within the Third Reich who have a definite underground activity, and who bear the same enmity against Nazism as does any member of the United Nations, and that this is the group to which the problem of punishment should be given. Whether we agree with that or not, it is a suggestion which probably will be given consideration in due time. This book is the most exciting, the most challenging, the most startling, the most revealing which has been written yet on this whole Germanic problem. Whether we agree with all she has said is beside the point. The fact is, that a military victory over Hitler is not the end of the problem. It will be but the beginning of a condition requiring the best leadership, and a most profound understanding of the problems that out of this welter of agony may come an opportunity for the creation of a world in which goodness and beauty and truth shall have an opportunity for realization. P. B.

Taken From Dr. Bradley's Latest Book "My Daily Strength"

What is the truth of Easter? What is the fundamental spirit of it in our hearts after all? If the Christians of the world who have been singing "Christ is risen!" for 19 centuries cannot validate the truth of his teachings in the human affairs of this world, Easter is about the biggest fraud that I know!

Easter is not Easter until it is translated as a factual experience in your life and mine. What is that experience? The verification that the powers of evil are transitory—that's Easter. It is the truth that this universe is founded upon the basic integrity that no nation, no man, no policy, no individual fundamentally wrong can endure! There is no permanent victory for evil.

O, Thou Source of Life, we are grateful for being deathless; that life is sovereign; grateful that no winter can be cold enough to freeze the heart of a growing thing; that every seed generated by love, warmed by the law of life, will break through into flower and bloom.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

THE time of year of which every lover of the out-of-doors—especially a gardener—dreams and waits for impatiently through long weeks of cold and snow and leaden skies, has at last arrived. The green army is on the march!

Those whose eyes, ears and hearts are awake to that transitional color, not yet become stationary, hovering over treetops like a halo and hiding in bushes—and to all the soft whisperings of spring—will find plenty to stir the soul if they drop the work and cares of the day and walk out into the woods—if privileged to live near any—or, if a city dweller, take an hour's stroll in the park. Little green shoots pushing their heads through the earth—later on to unfold into a crocus—a daffodil—a lily; or tiny buds creeping out of seemingly dead branches of bushes—tender points of green grass blades cutting through the sodden soil. The miracle of spring breaking all around cannot fail to give inspiration, strengthen courage, renew faith.

In the North Woods evidences of spring come a month later than they do in this part of the country, and a thrilling experience that I anticipate when I go to Minnesota every May, is something not to be found in the city. It is when I look out from the train window and, where little brooks not long thawed from winter's ice, wind through the woodland and run for a space parallel with the railroad tracks, I get the first exciting glimpse of the golden-flowered marsh marigolds lining the edges of the brooks and scattered thickly over the banks. Presently the train stops for a few minutes at a small station, and a brakeman we have long known on that line has sometimes picked me a bouquet of these beautiful flowers, their stems and leaves crisp and cold, and the blossoms sending out a faint, sweet scent unlike any other I know of. I know then spring definitely has arrived in the North Woods.

I would like to go on talking of spring loveliness—its color, its poetry, its spiritual message—so stirring that even the most practical must react to it; but the Mail Bag has divulged some most interesting letters, so let us read them. Here they are. From a chaplain "somewhere in the South Pacific Area," Dr. Bradley received this newsy letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Greetings to you and all friends there in the old U. S. A. Left that country December 10th, 1943, and landed on this island January 8th, 1944. En route we stopped in New Caledonia, where I spent Christmas and New Years and where I picked up a few French words—'Oui, oui, Mademoiselle.' Then to an island in the New Hebrides, where Ben

Taguian and Dr. Vidal, both from Chicago, are stationed. It was a pleasant and uneventful voyage, dining in air-conditioned rooms and seeing a movie every night. I am serving with an Ordnance Battalion which had been without a Chaplain since it landed on this island nine months ago. The men come from all over the U. S. A., the north and south, from the big cities like New York and Chicago and the small farms of Minnesota and Dakota. These men are tired and homesick.

"'What are the States like now? What are the people doing? Do they realize there is a war going on over here?' These are some of the barrage of questions with which they confronted me when I first arrived. Most of them have not seen a woman since they came on this island. Many of them are confronted with family problems back home. The news of the death of a mother, the death of a brother, a wife divorcing her husband, the old folks leaving their home, are just some of the many problems that break the morale of these men. Everyone wants to go back home and would give his right arm to do so, even though it means leaving Japan alone to enjoy its loot. That's how bad it is out here among the men. So you see that a Chaplain has a lot of morale building to do.

"My work consists of six services on Sunday and six more during the week. Traveling up and down this island over rough and muddy roads, holding services out of doors, under cocoanut trees, rain or shine. On my first Sunday I had to swim my way to one company when our car got stuck in water waist deep. I conducted the service dripping wet, pants rolled up and in bare feet. The response to these services is very good and better than in the U. S. camps. When not conducting services I visit men in the hospitals and at their places of work; or do landscaping around my tent, planting banana and cocoanut trees and building beautiful walks out of white coral shells. A fox hole just outside my tent is camouflaged with flowering plants. Life here is simple and free. One is surprised how many things he can do without. In place of newspapers we have the book of nature spread out all around us; in place of radio there are birds and thousands of insects that chatter all day and night, drowning out even the airplanes above. The climate is good, lots of rain and sunshine. The evenings are cool. It's summertime here, but it's more like spring weather. The food is fair if you like canned foods three times a day. Fresh eggs and bacon are unknown here, but it is nutritious and I am still keeping my U. S. weight (170 pounds), in spite of a heavy schedule. Well, I must close and prepare for a military funeral that I have to conduct this afternoon in the cemetery out here.

"Write when you can, because even a Chaplain's morale goes down sometimes and there is nothing like letters to bolster it. If you have any old good books and magazines, flower seeds and victory garden seeds, send them along for they will be a real treat to us. If it is at all possible I should like to receive copies of your broadcasts, which I have missed since leaving the U. S. My wife sent me your broadcast on February 8th, 1944. It is good knowing the locale of it. Very sincerely yours, Fernando A. Laxamana, Chaplain, First Lieutenant."

* * *

It is such a delight to find a person walking the pathway of the years, who though having to slow up a bit, keeps keen interest in all that passes. A dear soul of ninety wrote this sweet note:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: It was almost like reading the book, Woollcott's 'Long, Long Ago,' to hear you talk

about it in your broadcast last evening, and what you told of him one other time. We had a copy of the book; it came into our home for Christmas, and I had looked at it, but thought 'No, it's not for me, at 90,' my eyes are not so good, but after hearing your two talks I really think I got more than if I had read it. So I'm thankful for the radio and all other blessings that come to us daily. Also for my little book by you, 'My Daily Strength.' I do enjoy it and get so much real help from it. Although I have other devotional books and a nice new one my son sent me for Christmas, still, we can't have *too much good* reading in these hectic times of war and bloodshed.

"Thanking you for the help on the book and may God bless you in all of your work, is the prayer of a constant listener. Mrs. H. G. Unland, Antioch, Illinois."

* * *

The next letter is from Dubuque, Iowa. It is quite long and I can only offer you excerpts, however, I believe you will find them interesting:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: It is important to me that I set aside a part of this sunny day for you. A year ago I began by accident to listen to your Sunday sermons over WJJD. I have benefited a great deal from what I have heard and read of you since then.

"You stirred me out of my humble John Burroughs-David Greyson-Luther Burbank sort of life, and up from my shelves of classics into the love of people such as I never dreamed of as possible for me. That was all that I still really wanted of life. There is nothing in all my studies so wonderful as the ability to love people all the time, fully and completely. Emerson just couldn't quite put it over for me. And so you set me thinking in directions I had almost become discouraged over. I followed some of the books you advised and this led to others.

"Through your Liberalist I keep at home with your Church. I especially fell in love with the spirit of Mrs. Bradley for the first section of the Mail Bag in the November issue. Perhaps because it is so full of fresh human life, and maybe because I put two years in the last war. It appeals to me as a fine bit of literature.

"Those of your WGN broadcasts that interest me most are book discussions, or talks on certain personalities, and particularly those dealing with the spreading of brotherly love. Having again taken up active interest in my own Lutheran church, where it seems I am really needed, I get to hear only the tail-end of your sermons now.

"Many years ago I shook your hand after you had given an Izaak Walton talk at St. Mary's Casino, here at Dubuque. Of course I do not expect you to remember that. The other day I was talking about you with our mutual friend, Dr. Baumgartner. He hasn't seen you for a long time. He says you like Eagle Point Park. That happens to be my park. I spent many happy hours and days there when I was a boy, and it was really wild and no park then. Indeed I was rather surprised that anybody else should know anything about my communion spot and I kind of resented it being made into a public place!

"I am wishing you and yours happiness and success in all you do. Sincerely, Edward Heuser."

As we come to Eastertide may we all find an inner joy in the re-birth of spring—there is a message for every one, if we but open our hearts to it—a message that words cannot tell! Be sure to write—

AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

NEWNESS OF LIFE

AS LIFE goes on the complexities are continually increasing. The acquirement of personality and of the highest and finest expression of individual living becomes more of a challenge and more difficult. Associated with this condition there is an increase of so-called breakdowns and people find themselves, particularly under the pressure of war days, facing a constant challenge. I am continually reminded that one of the difficulties that constitutes a real prevention to the development of buoyant and abundant living is the tyranny of our habits. so that when some unusual experience or especially critical moment is upon us, we cannot bring the full play of our latent powers to the solution.

I know people who have been so interested in the re-shaping of their personalities that they have made deliberate efforts to change many of their daily routines in order to affect their personalities. These obviously must be the routines that they *can* change, and there are many such. I think there is a direct influence sometimes in changing the way you comb your hair, or the type of clothing you wear or the style of your shoes, or the side of the street on which you walk home. There is a distinct psychological value in breaking up certain influences and dominant factors in the molding of your life.

There is a vast difference between individuality and personality. Personality is always the outgrowth of individuality, and there is much more that each of us can do with the development of our personalities than most people realize. In fact, after we have discovered what is preventing us from the full development of ourselves, if we will make a conscientious effort and go to work upon those preventions, it is possible in literally a few weeks' time for a person to become an entirely different personality. I have seen such changes that the word "miracle" is not extravagant when applied to them.

I have known people to change their whole attitude toward life by getting tremendously enthusiastic t o w a r d something which never commanded their enthusiasm before. Most of us are altogether too self-centered. Our interests, our activities, are all directed toward ourselves, and when we lose ourselves in some great cause, or become devoted to some great work, or take an interest in something outside our own immediate concerns, we find life beginning to assume an entirely different aspect. I have known some of the most gracious personalities to result from just such enthusiasms.

Why not try life on these terms? If we crowd our lives with the beauty and joy of life, do you know what will happen? Life will take on new beauty and new charm. Every morning will be a new morning and every sunset a new sunset. Millions and millions of snowflakes and no two alike; millions and millions of raindrops and no duplicates. Millions of sunsets and never one like another. Thousands of golden hours to live life and may every one be beautiful.

P. B.

Dr. Bradley's Engagements

February 15th to March 15th

FEBRUARY

15—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Gordon School PTA, Lake Forest, Ill.

16—Cutting record. WGN.
Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

17—Radio Address (transcription). WGN.
Address. Eliza Fowler Hall. Purdue University. Lafayette, Ind.

18—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Ruggles School PTA.

20—Two Services. Peoples Church.
Radio Sermon. "Liberal Religion on The Air." WJJD.

21—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Evanston Woman's Club.

22—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Natl. Furniture Warehousemen's Association. Edgewater Beach Hotel.

23—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

24—Address. Crane High School.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Chicago Maternity Center, Orrington Hotel, Evanston.

25—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Perry School PTA.

26—Address. Mothers' Navy Club.

27—Two Services. Peoples Church.

28—Cutting Record. WGN.
Radio Address. WGN.

29—Address. Chamber of Commerce Dinner. Kokomo, Ind.
Radio Address by transcription.

MARCH

1—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

2—Address. Chicago Public Library. Mayor's Race Commission meeting.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Swedish Club Trade Dinner.

3—Radio Conference.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Uptown Bond Rally. Peoples Church.

4—Commencement Address. Dale Carnegie Institute. Fine Arts Bldg.

5—Two Services. Peoples Church.

6—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Hawthorn Forum. Albright Memorial Gym.

7—Address. Wicker Park Woman's Club in Norske Club.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address for Food & Allied Industries Dinner.
Address—Elks' Club. Evanston. Swedish Relief & Aid Society.

8—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

9—Address. Food Products. Hotel Sherman.
Juvenile Delinquency Meeting. City Hall.
Radio Address. WGN.

10—Cut radio records.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Farnsworth School PTA.
Address. Sister Kenney Rally. Oriental Theatre Bldg.

12—Two Services. Peoples Church.

13—Cut radio records.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Annual Meeting & Dinner. Peoples Church.

14—Radio Address by transcription. WGN.
Address. Memorial Service. Fairfield, Iowa.

Christenings

FEBRUARY

20—Thomas Edward Intogna, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Intogna

MARCH

5—James Paul Mach, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Mach
Robert Lawrence Moran, son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moran

Weddings

FEBRUARY

5—Jack Shawhan and Laura Blackwood
C. R. McAteer and Thurid Pedersen
Russell W. Lewis and Verga N. Dittmer
12—Jay Hubbard and Zelma Kendall
David Comey and Willamae Stippe
Ralph Scheffers and Lois Allen
13—Vicko Buktenica and Mary B. Basic
16—George Stanton and Thelma Irene Knox
17—Gordon A. Reynolds and Juanita Musgrove Kight
26—Russell Travers Ryan and Lila Mae Bumstead
27—Sgt. Walter J. Wolicki and Judy Barry

MARCH

10—George Hillwertz and Loraine Anderson

Funerals

FEBRUARY

5—Mrs. Clara Lartz
Mrs. Robert Holmes
8—Mrs. Cora Howard
12—George Stipp
14—Thomas Zemek
15—Frances Korta
17—Lulu Tobias
22—Mrs. Ida Brant
23—Claude Baker
25—Caroline Decker
Mrs. Anna Meyers
Mrs. Adelaide Fisher
26—Miss Clara B. Jophes
29—W. E. Naylor

MARCH

3—Michael Messlein
4—Mrs. Anna Bruce
6—Matilda Noid
John A. Gessner
Jeanette Holt Schoben
11—Mrs. Elizabeth Walker
13—Herman J. Markwardt
Edward Maleszewski

AN APPROPRIATE EASTER GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle Street **Whitehall 5257**

APRIL PRODUCTION—"ONE FLIGHT DOWN"

This brilliant new play of Arthur Hammerstein continues to draw unusual audiences to see the exceptional dramatic work of its star, James Bradley-Griffin, who not only takes the lead of the play but is its director and producer as well.

As "Jaro," the tailor, in his quaint shop on New York's west side, Mr. Bradley-Griffin and his cast of young and talented Chicagoans, give a real insight into the life of New York's melting-pot today.

Many consider "One Flight Down" to be the finest work the Players have yet done. It is being held over for the month of April.

✦ ✦ ✦

APRIL DRAMA TEA, April 23rd

Lulu Jones Downing, Chicago Composer, and James Bradley-Griffin will present their recital version of Clemence Dane's "Come of Age."

APRIL SCHEDULE

Saturday, April 1st.....“One Flight Down”
Friday, April 7th.....“One Flight Down”
Saturday, April 8th.....“One Flight Down”
Friday, April 14th.....“One Flight Down”
Saturday, April 15th.....“One Flight Down”
Friday, April 21st.....“One Flight Down”
Saturday, April 22nd.....“One Flight Down”
Friday, April 28th.....“One Flight Down”
Saturday, April 29th.....“One Flight Down”

✦ ✦ ✦

Sunday, April 23rd—Drama Tea..... 4:00 o'clock

Honor Roll

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Cpl. Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
**Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg
Capt. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Capt. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Corp. Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley
*Charles C. Crane

Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Lt. Carroll D. York
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
L. C. Rowley
Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch
Virgil Drew Widener
G. Andrey
William Henderson
William H. Parlette
Capt. Andrew Haban
John H. Hagen
Lawrence Johnson
Cpl. James Kosner
William James Walters
Wayne P. Blue
Martin Sauser
William Sauser
Florence M. Moore
Edward Paschal
Robert Weeger
Ruth Leffler
Harry G. Nelson
George G. Eddy, Jr.
Tommy Bartlett
William James Walters
Elmer M. Wiederer
Marie Tilles
Robert H. Wiggins
Robert L. Eldred
Charles Paige
Harry DuMont
Sgt. Clee S. Post
Lt. Fred H. Kreutzer
Tom Lee Woods
Stf. Sgt. Geo. F. Arms
Raymond Mostek
Robert E. Poquette
Walter Scott Sexton

Sgt. Roy O. Lawson
Gerhard Wegner
Andrew C. Wilson
Bruce W. Vespermann
Carl W. Voigtritter
Philip R. Strand
Capt. Donald Yous
Richard Miller
James W. Buchanan
Jean Thompson
2nd Lt. Pauline M. Plummer, R. N.
Marvin I. Edelhart
Frank M. Shurman
Betty Best Hurley
Robert Wood, Jr.
Thomas Wood, Jr.
John Hendrich
Rudolph Lichtenebert
Charles Wesche, Jr.
Orville Wesche
Winifred Klippel
Jim Phillips
Sgt. William R. Hurley
Robert C. Stippe
June Blair Lauletta
Fred H. Goetz, Jr.
Stanley Kredler
R. B. Byron
Henry Pfaff, Jr.
James R. Victorin
Daniel Jack Woods
Sidney Weinberg
Mark Alan Miles
Cpl. Harold W. Hoots
Carl Leonard Fishman
June Fuss
Betty Philbrick
E. J. Wilkins
Leslie Merrill
Earl Palmer
James M. Woods, Jr.
Betty Droth
Harold Anderson
W. Ross Williamson
Noel Dudley Gregg
Robert D. Gregg
Robert Osterberg
Lt. Carlton H. Marsh
Kenneth R. Ball
Lt. Marjorie Schulten
Calvin C. Kemper
Mary Alice Yarrington
Philip Langley
Gavon Robert Burkhard
Gordon R. Dahlstrom
Marvyn F. Harbert
Anton Novotny
Richard B. Miller
John M. Miller

*Killed in action. **Reported missing at sea.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

✦ ✦ ✦

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 o'clock

Weekly broadcasts by Dr. Bradley daily over the following stations:
WLS—Chicago—7:45 a.m. Mon. thru Fri.
WHO—Des Moines—5:30 p.m. Mon. thru Fri.
KSD—St. Louis—7:15 a.m. Mon. thru Fri.
KOIL—Omaha—7:15 a.m. Mon. thru Fri.
KFAB—Lincoln—7:45 a.m.—Monday through Friday
KROC—Rochester—12:00 noon—Monday through Friday
KATE—Albert Lea—9:00 p.m.—Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.—5:30 p.m.—Sunday.
KYSM—Mankato—6:30 p.m.—Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri.—5:30 p.m.—Sunday
WJJD—Chicago—11:00 a.m.—Sunday

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Closing with April 9th until November) ..... 7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall, Sunday morning..... 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH—Anderson Hall, Sunday morning.....11:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES (Resumed in November) ..... 8:00 o'clock

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday evening, Church Auditorium ..... 7:30 o'clock

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Anderson Hall, 9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, April 3rd, Anderson Hall..... 1:00 o'clock
Club Institute, Mrs. Carl Johnson, Chairman. Informal Lecture, Mme. Elizabeth Guion Hess, subject: "Poise, Personality, Power."
Monday, April 17th, Annual Meeting and Election of Officers 1:00 o'clock
Friday, April 21st, Luncheon and Card Party, Anderson Hall .....12:30 o'clock
Ways and Means Committee, Mrs. R. H. Monson. Chairman, Mrs. Wm. Emrich, Co-Chairman.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, April 3rd..... 8:00 o'clock
Anderson Hall. Alice Pearson, Program Chairman.
"Revealing Secrets of Mother Goose," by Mrs. Wm. Charlton Lambert, Story Teller and Travel Lecturer.
Monday, April 17th, Annual Meeting, Election of Officers, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 o'clock

MEN'S CLUB—Fourth Monday night of each month, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 o'clock

USHERS' CLUB—Every other Thursday night of each month, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 o'clock

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB—First and third Tuesday of each month, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 o'clock

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. See special schedule, page 22 of this issue. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257.

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THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

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